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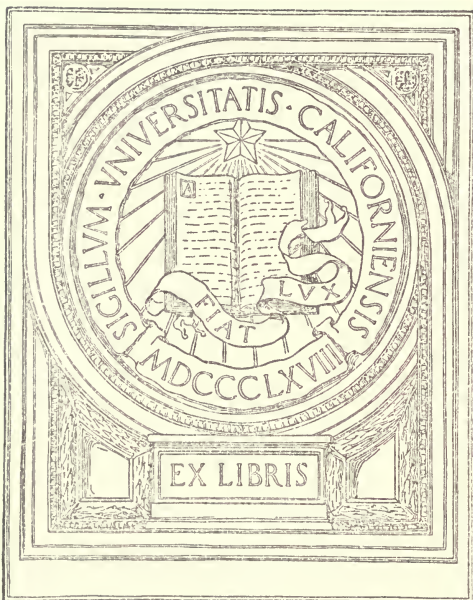
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THE  
PULPIT AND ROSTRUM.

*Sermons, Orations, Popular Lectures, &c.*

ANDREW J. GRAHAM AND CHARLES B. COLLAR, REPORTERS.

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SKETCH OF  
PARSON BROWNLOW,  
AND HIS  
SPEECHES,

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC AND COOPER INSTITUTE,  
NEW YORK, MAY, 1862.

FULLY AND CORRECTLY REPORTED IN SHORT HAND BY CHAS. B. COLLAR.

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NEW YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY E. D. BARKER,  
135 GRAND STREET.

LONDON: Trubner & Co., 60 Paternoster Row.

July

15th,

1862.

# THE PULPIT AND ROSTRUM.

AN ELEGANT PAMPHLET SERIAL,  
CONTAINS REPORTS OF THE BEST  
**SERMONS; LECTURES, ORATIONS, Etc.**

ANDREW J. GRAHAM and CHARLES B. COLLAR, Reporters.

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E. D. BARKER, Publisher, 135 Grand Street, New York.



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## SKETCH OF PARSON BROWNLOW.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

[The following is part of an editorial article in the *Independent*, May 22, 1862.—  
ED. PULPIT AND ROSTRUM.]

MR. BROWNLOW is drawing nigh to sixty years of age, tall and slender in figure, with dark hair and eyes, a face of remarkably sharp outlines, wearing just now a look of illness and weariness by reason of his rigorous imprisonment. He came originally from Virginia, hailing from the same birth-place with Floyd, near Wythe, in the western part of the State. He began life honest, as he says, and has remained poor; while Floyd, turning knavish, has grown rich. Till his twenty-fifth year he was a house-carpenter. Then, dropping his jack-plane, he took the saddle-bags of a traveling Methodist preacher, and rode a hard circuit for ten years. Becoming engrossed in the political questions of the time, and never, as he testifies, remaining neutral on any subject, he became a partisan leader in politics, and soon began to exercise great influence as the editor of a newspaper—an employment which, for thirty years, has supplied him with plenty of hard work.

He exhibits in his character a singular union of high moral and intellectual qualities with an almost unaccountable deficiency of that sense of the fitness of things which we call good taste. Thus, in his personal habits, he is singularly pure; he never tastes liquor, never has used tobacco, never has seen a play at a theater, and never has dealt a pack of cards—a remarkable record for a Southerner. But when he opens his lips, his language, although without positive profanity (except when quoting other men's), is often so grating to polite ears that it keeps sensitive listeners from blushes

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SKETCH OF PARSON BROWNLOW.

only because it irresistibly provokes to laughter. He confesses that his chief natural gift is in piling epithets upon the heads of scoundrels. He knows no pleasure equal to discovering a new rascal, or a new rascality of an old one, and printing the name and facts in capital letters in the next Knoxville *Whig*. But he is a man whom a thorough New England training, moral and intellectual, would have built up into a dignified, impressive, and splendid character. He is one of many men in the South, made of nature's best stuff, whom the influence of slavery, unconsciously to themselves, has defrauded of their just rank in the scale of true nobility and honorable fame.

When the question arose of the secession of Tennessee, he made an intrepid stand against it. Having thus stirred a hornet's nest, he had not to wait long to feel the stings. He was insulted to his face, dogged in his walks, and threatened with pistol-shots. He was commanded by traitors to transfer the allegiance of his paper to Jefferson Davis, but indignantly refused. He was then tempted with a bribe, which he still more indignantly spurned. Then his pen was smitten out of his hands. The traitors invaded his office, stopped his press, and turned his press-room into a machine-shop for boring rifles to aim at loyal hearts. Still continuing to show his personal allegiance to the Union, he was hunted out of Knoxville and driven to take refuge in the wastes of the Smoky Mountains, where he shot bears and wild turkeys, and slept on a blanket on the bare ground. Meanwhile, without his knowledge, his wife procured from Richmond a pass to permit him to retire from the State. This fact, being communicated to him in his mountain retreat, brought him back to Knoxville, where, as soon as he showed his face, he was seized, in violation of the pledge, thrown into jail, and kept in loathsome confinement for three months.

During his stay in the prison, almost every day a cart with a coffin drove to the door, and some victim was taken out to be hung. The prisoners, none of whom were charged with any other offense than loyalty to the Union, seldom had a day's, and sometimes not an hour's, notice when the cart would call, or for whom.

Mr. Brownlow, after fully expecting to be hung, and after preparing a speech to be delivered on the gallows, was finally ordered out of confinement, and out of the Confederacy.

At Nashville, while on his way to the North, he met Andrew Johnson. It was a singular meeting. The two men had been bitter enemies for twenty-five years, never speaking to one another in all that time. The quarrel arose out of the partisan warfare waged over the names of General Jackson and John Quincy Adams, Johnson siding with Jackson, and Brownlow with Adams. But at Nashville the two men met face to face, each offered to the other his right hand, both shed tears, neither spoke a word, but immediately separated, mutually reconciled! It was honorable to both men—the grudge of a lifetime melted away by one good act of mutual magnanimity!

These are the two men who now represent before the nation the spirit and temper of the people of East Tennessee. That mountainous country is guarded by a hardy race, accustomed to toil, owning few slaves, eager disputants in political struggles, and proudly jealous of their civil rights. Unlike the other portions of the State, where slavery has more completely corrupted the people, labor is held honorable, and laziness despised.

Johnson, like Brownlow, is a man who has grown up with a loyal respect for hard work. As Brownlow came from one of the "*second* families of Virginia," Johnson came from a similar family in North Carolina. He was a tailor. Think of it! The military governor of a slave State having been a tailor, and not a cavalier! He walked, as a young man, across the mountains into East Tennessee, carrying his needles and scissors in a pack over his shoulder. He could not read, but soon married a good woman who taught him how. He bent over his seams in the daytime, and over his books at night. Joining a debating society, he soon began the art of thinking on his legs. In due time he went to Nashville, first as legislator, and afterward as governor, returning home in the intervals of public business to make jackets and trowsers for an honest living. The town of Greenville, among the mountains, still shows

the sign, "Andrew Johnson, Tailor." Shortly after rising from the tailor's bench to the governor's chair, an early friend, who had been a blacksmith, became Judge Pepper, chief-justice of the State. The governor made with his own hands a suit of clothes and presented them to the judge, and the judge made with his own hands a shovel and tongs and presented them to the governor.

The secret of the steadfast loyalty of East Tennessee lies in one fact: The people own few slaves, and have never learned to despise labor. In all the States, and sections of States, where labor has been held honorable, and the laborer has not been degraded, there has been no rebellion against the Government. In all the States and districts where the prevailing spirit of the people has been of subserviency to slavery, the sentiment of loyalty has been tainted, and the rebellion has been welcomed. The fact is full of significance. It demonstrates beyond question that the great struggle now shaking the land is undisguisedly between slavery and freedom. All men's eyes are opening to this fact—even Mr. Brownlow's. For though he has never been an Abolitionist, yet his late wounds and sufferings were inflicted by slavery, and he knows it. We were not surprised, therefore, to hear him make a singular confession in his Brooklyn speech. "If the issue," said he, "were between the Christian religion and the Union, I would go against the Union; if it be between the Union and slavery, I will go against slavery"—thus unconsciously putting slavery at the third remove from the Christian religion—and that is where it belongs!



# SUFFERINGS OF UNION MEN.

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*An Address by Parson Brownlow (Rev. W. G. Brownlow, D.D.), delivered before the citizens of New York, at the Academy of Music, May 15, 1862.*

REPORTED BY CHAS. B. COLLAR.

THE Reception of Parson Brownlow on this his first public appearance in New York, was marked by the most hearty and enthusiastic demonstrations. Long before the hour named for the commencement of the proceedings, a dense throng, thousands in number, had assembled, filling all the seats, aisles, and lobbies, from the parquette to the upper tiers—the parquette being reserved especially for ladies accompanied by gentlemen. Hundreds of leading citizens occupied the stage—the various professions being well represented by many distinguished gentlemen, evincing by their presence on this occasion their desire to render a just tribute of praise to the gallant Parson, whose sufferings, as a Union man, had awakened so general a sympathy throughout the whole community. As the Parson was conducted upon the stage by Chas. T. Rodgers, the President of the Young Men's Republican Union, under whose auspices the Reception was given, he was received with the most rapturous applause, the audience, *en masse*, rising to their feet, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and joining in one universal shout of applause.

Mr. RODGERS stated that, according to the announcement through the press, it was expected that Governor Morgan would preside; but he had received a letter from his Excellency, regretting that his official duties prevented his attendance on so interesting an occasion, as he felt extremely anxious, in common with thousands of his fellow-citizens of New York, to enjoy the opportunity thus afforded of expressing his admiration of and sympathy for the man who, with true heroism, had withstood the blandishments and braved the threats of the leaders and fomenters of the conspiracy against the Union.

WM. M. EVARTS, Esq., being called to the chair, said that he shared with all the great disappointment at the absence of the Governor of the State. But we might well pardon the loss of his

dignity to the *éclat* of the occasion, when we knew that his absence was due to that necessity which at this time enveloped all who were invested with public trusts. He was proud to do all that he could to testify his appreciation of the heroism of Mr. Brownlow. As we should proceed in the great duties first of subduing the rebellion, and then of reinstituting in its strength the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it is, we might be sure that these Union men of Tennessee, and their compatriots in the mountains of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, would aid us. With their aid we should hold the center as well as the rim of the rebellion. Upon them as a basis we could reinstate the dominion of the Government all over the land. He would no longer stand between them and the Rev. Mr. Brownlow, whom he now had the pleasure of introducing. [Loud and long-continued and repeated applause.]

Mr. BROWNLOW then came forward and spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I take occasion, in advance of anything and all I may say, to apprise you of what you all will have discovered before I take my seat—that is to say, that in my public addresses, no matter what my theme may be, I do not present it to an audience with an eloquence that charms, or with that beauty of diction which captivates and fascinates an assemblage. This, I may be allowed to say, I most sincerely regret, because there is no power on earth so great, and of such influence upon the human mind, as the power and influence of oratory, finished and high wrought. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections. The influence of one perished with its author; the influence of the other has continued throughout all time, and, with public speakers, will continue to the end of time. But there is one thing I am confident of, this evening, and that is, that I address an appreciative audience, an assemblage who have congregated on this occasion to hear some facts in reference to the great rebellion South—the gigantic conspiracy of the nineteenth century; and I shall therefore look more to what I shall say than to the manner of saying it—more, if you please, to the subject-matter of what I shall say than to any studied effort at display or beauty and force of language. I will be allowed by you an additional remark or two, personal in their nature to myself. For the last thirty-five years of my somewhat eventful life I have been accustomed to speak in public upon all the subjects afloat in the land, for I have never been neutral on any subject that ever came

up in that time. [Laughter and applause.] Independent in all things, and under all circumstances, I have never been entirely neutral, but have always taken a hand in what was afloat. About three years ago my voice entirely failed from a stubborn attack of bronchitis, and for two years of that time I was unable to speak above a whisper. During that period I performed a pilgrimage to New York and had an operation performed upon my throat, and was otherwise treated by an eminent physician of this city, who greatly benefited me, and who, when I parted with him, enjoined it upon me to go home and occasionally exercise my speaking machinery, and, if I could do no better, to retire to the grove of the town or village where I live, and to make short speeches, to declaim upon stumps or logs, as the case might be. Instead of doing so, however, in the town in which I live I frequently addressed a temperance organization in favor of total abstinence; and you all know that is a good cause. ["Good," and applause.] At other times, as a regular ordained licensed Methodist preacher, I tried to deliver short sermons to the audience. That is a good cause, you admit. [Applause.] And yet both together failed to restore my voice—[laughter]—and when I left home for the North, by way of Cincinnati, I had no intention or expectation of making a speech; but as soon as I opened my batteries in Pike's Opera House, in Cincinnati, against this infinitely infernal rebellion, I found myself able to speak, and to be heard half a mile. [Great laughter.] I attribute the partial restoration of my voice to the goodness, the glory, and the Godlike cause in which I profess to be engaged—that of vindicating the Union. [Applause.] We are, ladies and gentlemen, in the midst of a revolution, and a most fearful one, as you all know it is. I shall, in the remarks I may make here, advance no sentiment, no idea; I shall employ no language that I have not advanced and employed time and again at home, away down in Dixie. ["Good," and applause.] I should despise myself, and merit the scorn and contempt of every lady and gentleman under the sound of my voice, if I were to come here with one set of principles and opinions for the North, and another set for the South when I am there. [Applause.] I will utter no denunciations of the wretched, the corrupt, and the infamous men who inaugurated this revolution South here, that I would not utter in their hearing on the streets of the town where I reside. I therefore say to you in the outset of my remarks I propose to make, what I have time and again said through the columns of the most widely circulated paper

they had in the Southwest—a paper, by the way, which they suppressed and crushed out on the 25th of October last—the last Union journal that remained in any portion of the Southern Confederacy, and to this good hour the last and the only religious journal in the eleven seceded States. [Applause.] I say to you, then, as I have said at home time and again, that the people of the South, the demagogues and leaders of the South, are to blame for having brought about this state of things, and not the people of the North. [Cheers.] We have intended down South for thirty years to break up this Government. It has been our settled purpose and our sole aim down South to destroy the Union and break up the Government. We have had the Presidency in the South twice to your once, and five of our men were re-elected to the Presidency, filling a period of forty years. In addition to that, we had divers men elected for one term, and no man at the North ever was permitted to serve more than one term; and, in addition to having elected our men twice to your once, and occupied the chair twice as long as you ever did, we seized upon and appropriated two or three miscreants from the North that we elected to the Presidency, and plowed with them as our heifers. [Great laughter and applause.] We asked of you and obtained at your hands a fugitive slave law. You voted for and helped us to enact and to establish it. We asked of you and obtained the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line, which never ought to have been repealed. I fought against it to the bitter end, and denounced it and all concerned in repealing it, and I repeat it here again to-night. We asked and obtained the admission of Texas into the Union, that we might have slave territory enough to form some four or five more great States, and you granted it. You have granted us, from first to last, all we have asked, all we have desired; and hence I repeat that this thing of secession, this wicked attempt to dissolve the Union, has been brought about without the shadow of a cause. It is the work of the worst men that ever God permitted to live on the face of this earth. [Applause.] It is the work of a set of men down South who, in winding up this rebellion, if our administration and Government shall fail to hang them as high as Haman—hang every one of them—they will make an utter failure. I have confidence myself, and, thank God, I have always had faith and confidence, in the Government crushing out this rebellion. [Applause.] We have the men at the head of affairs who will do it—[cheers]—and that gallant and glorious man, McClellan—[enthusiastic cheering

and waving of handkerchiefs, which lasted for some minutes]—a man in whose ability and integrity I have all the time had confidence, and prophesied he would come out right side up. [Laughter and applause.] My own distracted and oppressed section of the country, East Tennessee, falls now by the new arrangement into the military district of that hero, Fremont. [Great cheering and some hisses.] We rejoiced in East Tennessee when we heard that we had fallen into his division—[applause]—and although I have always differed with him in politics, yet, in a word, he is my sort of man. He will either make a spoon or spoil a horn—[great laughter]—in the attempt. When he gets ready to go down into East Tennessee, I hope he will let me know. I want to go with him, side by side, on a fine horse, with epaulets, a cocked hat, and a sword; and our friend Briggs, of New York, a former member of Congress, who is now on the platform, has promised me a large coil of rope, and I want the pleasure of showing them whom to hang—of tying the rope around their necks. [Great applause.] I remarked that I had confidence in our Government and army ultimately crushing out this rebellion. We have had just a few experiments in this thing of crushing out rebellion. We had, a long time ago, one on a small scale in Massachusetts, and the Government crushed it out. Afterward we had the whisky rebellion in the neighboring State of Pennsylvania, and the Government applied the screws and crushed it out. Still more recently we had a terrible rebellion in South Carolina, and, with old Hickory at the helm, we crushed it out—[applause]—and if my prayers and tears could have resurrected the old hero two years ago—though I never supported him in my life—and placed him in the chair disgraced and occupied by that miserable mockery of a man from Wheatland, we would have had this rebellion crushed out long ago; for, let General Jackson have been in politics what he was—I knew him well—he was a true patriot and a sincere lover of his country. [Cheers.]

When Floyd commenced stealing muskets and other implements of war, and his associates commenced plotting treason, had Old Hickory been President, rising about ten feet in his boots and taking Floyd by the collar, he would have sworn by the God that made Moses, *this thing must stop*. [Great laughter and applause.] And when Andrew Jackson swore that a thing had to stop, it had to stop. [Laughter.] More recently still, we had a rebellion in the neighboring State of Rhode Island, known as the Dorr rebel-



lion, and the Government very efficiently and very properly put it down; but the great conspiracy of the nineteenth century and the great rebellion of the age is now on hand, and I believe that Abe Lincoln, with the people to back him, will crush it out. [Cheers and applause.] It will be done, it must be done, and it shall be done—[great cheering]—and, having done that thing, gentlemen and ladies, if they will give us a few weeks' rest to recruit, we will lick England and France both, if they wish it—[loud applause]—and I am not certain but we will have to do it—particularly Old England. [Great laughter.] She has been playing a double, a two-fisted game, and she was well represented by Russell, for he carried water on both shoulders. I don't like the tone of her journals, and when this war is finished, we shall have four or five hundred thousand well-drilled, hardened officers and men, inured to the hardships of war, under the lead of experienced officers, and then we shall be ready for the rest of the world and the balance of mankind.

When the rebellion first opened—something like twelve months ago—I saw, as every reading and observing man could see, where we were driving to, and what would be the state of things in a very short time. In the inauguration of the rebellion I took sides with the Union and with the Stars and Stripes of my country. [Applause.] How could I do otherwise? I had traveled the circuit as a Methodist preacher in the State of South Carolina in 1832, in Pickens and Anderson counties (Anderson County being the one where John C. Calhoun lived), and I fought with all the ability I possessed, and all the energy I could muster, the heresy of nullification then. I even prepared a pamphlet in South Carolina, of seventy pages, backing up and sustaining Old Hickory, and denouncing the nullifiers—and they threatened to hang me then. I have been a Union man all my life. [Applause.] I have never been a sectional man. I commenced my political career in Tennessee in the memorable year of 1828, and I was one, thank God, of the corporal's guard who got up the electoral ticket for John Quincy Adams against Andrew Jackson. In the next contest I was for Clay. [Great cheering.] You and I and all of us cheer and applaud the mention of the name of Henry Clay. I propose to move, when this rebellion is over, that we shall hold a National Convention, and I will put in nomination for the Presidency, the last suit of clothes that Clay wore before his death. [Great laughter and applause.] When the rebellion fairly opened, and was under way in Tennessee, they saw the course my

paper was taking, and they approached me, as they did every other editor of a Union paper in the country, with money. They knew I was poor, and they supposed it would have the same influence over me that it had over almost all the other Union editors of the South, for they had bought up the last devil of them all throughout the South. [Laughter and cheers.] I told them as one did of old: "Thy money perish with thee." I pursued the even tenor of my way until the stream rose higher and higher with secession fire, as red and hot as hell itself, and commenced pouring along that great artery of travel, the railroad to Manassas, Yorktown, Richmond, and Petersburg. Then it was that, wanting in transportation, wanting in rolling stock, wanting in locomotives, they had to lie over by regiments in our town, and then they commenced to ride Union men upon rails. I have seen that done in the streets, and have seen them break into the stores and empty their contents; and coming before my house with ropes in their hands, they would groan out, "Let us give old Brownlow a turn, the d——d old scoundrel; come out, and we will hang you to the first tree." I would appear, sometimes, on the front portico of my house, and would address them in this way: "Men, what do you want with me?" for I was very select in my words. I took particular pains to never say gentlemen. [Laughter.] "Men, what do you want with me?" "We want a speech from you; we want you to come out for the Southern Confederacy." To which I replied: "I have no speech to make to you. You know me as well as I know you; I am utterly and irreconcilably opposed to this infernal rebellion in which you are engaged, and I shall fight it to the bitter end. I hope that if you are going on to kill the Yankees in search of your rights, that you will get your rights before you get back." These threats toward me were repeated every day and every week, until finally they crushed out my paper, destroyed my office, appropriated the building to an old smith's shop, to repair the locks and barrels of old muskets that Floyd had stolen from the Federal Government. They finally enacted a law in the Legislature of Tennessee authorizing an armed force to take all the arms, pistols, guns, dirks, swords, and everything of the sort from all the Union men, and they paid a visit to every Union house in the State. They visited mine three times in succession upon that business, and they got there a couple of guns and one pistol. Being a Doctor of Divinity myself, I was not largely supplied, and had the balance

concealed under my clothes. [Great laughter.] Finally, after depriving us of all our arms throughout the State, and after taking all the fine horses of the Union men everywhere, without fee or reward, for cavalry horses, and seizing upon the fat hogs, corn, fodder, and sheep, going into houses and pulling the beds off the bedsteads in the daytime, seizing upon all the blankets they could find, for the army; after breaking open chests, bureaus, drawers, and everything of that sort—in which they were countenanced and tolerated by the authorities, civil and military—our people rose up in rebellion, unarmed as they were, and one Saturday night in November, by accident—I know it was—precisely at 11 o'clock, from Chattanooga to the Virginia line—a distance of 300 miles—all the railroad bridges took fire at one time. [Cheers and applause.] It was purely accidental. I happened to be out from home at the time. [Laughter.] I had really gone out on horseback—as they had suppressed my paper—to collect the fees which the sheriffs' clerks of the different counties were owing me, which they, being Union men, were ready and willing to pay me, knowing that I needed them to live upon; and as these bridges took fire while I was out of town, they swore that I was the bell-wether and ringleader of all the devilment that was going on, and hence that I must have had a hand in it. They wanted a pretext to seize upon me, and upon the 6th day of December they marched me off to jail—a miserable, uncomfortable, damp, and desperate jail—where I found, when I was ushered into it, some 150 Union men; and, as God is my judge, I say here to-night, there was not in the whole jail a chair, bench, stool, or table, or any piece of furniture, except a dirty old wooden bucket and a pair of tin dip-pers to drink with. I found some of the first and best men of the whole country there. I knew them all, and they knew me, as I had been among them for thirty years. They rallied round me, some smiling and glad to see me, as I could give them the news that had been kept from them. Others took me by the hand, and were utterly speechless, and, with bitter, burning tears running down their cheeks, they said that they never thought that they would come to this at last, looking through the bars of a grate. Speaking first to one and then another, I bade them be of good cheer and take good courage. Addressing them, I said, “Is it for stealing you are here? No. Is it for counterfeiting? No. Is it for manslaughter? No. You are here, boys, because you adhere

to the flag and the Constitution of our country. [Cheers.] I am here with you for no other offense but that; and, as God is my judge, boys, I look upon this 6th day of December as the proudest day of my life. [Great applause.] And here I intend to stay until I die of old age, or until they choose to hang me. I will never renounce my principles." [Cheers.]

Before I was confined in the jail, their officers were accustomed to visit the jail every day and offer them their liberty, if they would take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy and volunteer to go into the service, and they would guarantee them safety and protection. They were accustomed to volunteer a dozen at a time, so great was their horror of imprisonment and the bad treatment they received in that miserable jail. After I got into the jail—and they had me in close confinement for three dreadful winter months—all this volunteering and taking the oath ceased, and the leaders swore I did it. [Great cheering.] One of the brigadier-generals, the son of an ex-Governor of that State, who was in command of the military post, paid me a special visit, two of his aids accompanying him. He came in, bowed and scraped, dressed within an inch of his drunken life, saying: "Why, Brownlow, you ought not to be in here." "But your authorities," I replied, "have thought otherwise, and they have put me here." "I have come to inform you that if you will take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, we will guarantee the protection and safety of yourself and family." Rising up several feet in my boots at that time, having my Irish raised and looking him full in the eye, "Why," said I, "I intend to lie here until I rot from disease, or die of old age, before I will take the oath of allegiance to your government. I deny your right to administer such an oath. I deny that you have any government other than a Southern mob. You have never been recognized by any civilized power on the face of the earth, and you never will be. [Applause.] And, sir, preacher as I am, I will see the Southern Confederacy, and you and me on top of it, in the infernal regions, before I will do it." "Well," said he, "that's d——d plain talk." [Laughter and applause.] "Yes," I replied, "that's the way to talk in revolutionary times." [Applause.] But I must hasten on. I will detain you too long. [Loud cries of "Go on, go on."] But, gentlemen and ladies, things went on. They tightened up; they grew tighter, and still more tight. Many of our company became sick. We had to

lie upon that miserable, cold, naked floor, with not room enough for us all to lie down at the same time—and you may think what it must have been in December and January—spelling each other, one lying down awhile on the floor, and then another taking his place so made warm, and that was the way we managed until many became sick unto death. A number of the prisoners died of pneumonia and typhoid fever, and other diseases contracted by exposure there. I shall never forget, while my head is above ground, the scenes I passed through in that jail. I recollect two venerable Baptist clergymen who were there—Mr. Pope and Mr. Cate. Mr. Cate was very low indeed, prostrated from the fever and unable to eat the miserable food sent there by the corrupt jailer and deputy marshal—a man whom I had denounced in my paper as guilty of forgery time and time again—a suitable representative of the thieves and scoundrels that head this rebellion in the South. [Applause.] The only favor they extended to me was to allow my family to send me three meals a day by my son, who brought the provisions in a basket. I requested my wife to send also enough for the two old clergymen. One of them was put in jail for offering prayers for the President of the United States, and the other was confined for throwing up his hat and cheering the Stars and Stripes as they passed his house, borne by a company of Union volunteers. When the basket of provisions came in the morning, they examined it at the door, would look between the pie and the plate to see if there was any billet or paper concealed there communicating treason from any outside Unionist to the old scoundrel they had in jail; and when the basket went out, again the same ceremony was repeated, to discover whether I had slipped in any paper in any way. The old man Cate had three sons in jail. One of them, James Madison Cate, a most exemplary and worthy member of the Baptist church, who was there for having committed no other crime than that of refusing to volunteer, lay stretched at length upon the floor, with one thickness of a piece of carpet under him and an old overcoat doubled up for a pillow, in the very agonies of death, unable to turn over, only from one side to the other. His wife came to visit him, bringing her youngest child with her, which was but a babe, but they refused her admittance. I put my head out of the jail window, and entreated them, for God's sake, to let the poor woman come in, as her husband was dying. They at last consented that she might see him for the



limited time of fifteen minutes. As she came in and looked upon her husband's wan and emaciated face, and saw how rapidly he was sinking, she gave evident signs of fainting, and would have fallen to the floor with the babe in her arms, had I not rushed up to her and cried, "Let me have the babe," and then she sank down upon the breast of her dying husband, unable at first to speak a single word. I sat by and held the babe until the fifteen minutes had expired, when the officer came in, and in an insulting and peremptory manner notified her that the interview was to close. I hope I may never see such a scene again; and yet such cases were common all over East Tennessee.

Such actions as these show the spirit of secession in the South. It is the spirit of murder and assassination—it is the spirit of hell. And yet you have men at the North who sympathize with these infernal murderers. [Applause.] If I owed the devil a debt to be discharged, and it was to be discharged by the rendering up to him of a dozen of the meanest, most revolting, and God-forsaken wretches that ever could be culled from the ranks of depraved human society, and I wanted to pay that debt and get a premium upon the payment, I would make a tender to his Satanic Majesty of twelve Northern men who sympathized with this infernal rebellion. [Great cheering.] If I am severe and bitter in my remarks—[cries of "No, no; not a bit of it"]—if I am, gentlemen, you must consider that we in the South make a personal matter of this thing. [Laughter.] We have no respect or confidence in any Northern man who sympathizes with this infernal rebellion—[cries of "Good, good"]—nor should any be tolerated in walking Broadway at any time. Such men ought to be ridden upon a rail and ridden out of the North. ["Good, good."] They should be either for or against the "mill-dam;" and I would make them show their hands. [Laughter and applause.] Why, gentlemen, after the battle at Manassas and Bull Run, the officers and privates of the Confederate army passed through our town on their way to Dixie, exulting over the victory they had achieved, and some of them had what they called Yankee heads, the entire heads of Federal soldiers, some of them with long beards and goatees, by which they would take them up, shake them out of the windows of the cars, and say, "See! here is the head of a d—d soldier captured at Bull Run!" That is the spirit of secession at the South. It is the spirit of murder, of the vile untutored savage; it is the

spirit of hell; and he who apologizes for them is no better than those who perpetrate the deed. [Cheers.] In Andy Johnson's town—[three cheers for Johnson were here given]—and while Johnson's name is on my lips, I will make another remark or two here: If Mr. Lincoln had consulted the Union men of Tennessee as to whom they wanted for military Governor of the State, to a man they would have responded, Andy Johnson. I have fought that man for twenty-five long and terrible years: I fought him systematically, perseveringly, and untiringly; but it was upon the old issues of Whiggery and Democracy, and now we will fight for one another. [Great cheering.] We have merged in Tennessee all other parties and predilections in this great question of the Union. [Cheers.] We are the Union men of Tennessee, unconditional Union men—[cheers]—and the miserable wretch who will attempt here or elsewhere to resurrect old exploded parties and party issues, and try to make capital out of this war, deserves the gallows and deserves death. [Great applause.] In Andy Johnson's town they had the jail full of prisoners, drove his family out of his house—his wife being in the last stages of consumption—appropriated his house, carpets, and bedding for a hospital, and his wife had to take shelter with one of her daughters in an adjoining county, and Johnson has in him to-night a devil as big—and such is in the bosom of every Union man in Tennessee—as this pitcher; and whenever the Federal army shall find its way there, we will shoot them down like dogs and hang them on every limb we come to. [Applause.] They have had their time of hanging and shooting, and our time comes next; and I hope to God that it will not be long. I am watching in the papers the movements of the army, and whenever I hear that my country is captured, I intend to return post haste and point out the rebels. [Cheers.] I have no other ambition on earth but to resurrect the Knoxville *Whig* and get it in full blast, with one hundred thousand subscribers. [Loud cheering.] And then, as the negroes say down South, "I'll 'spress my opinion of some of them." [Great laughter.] If I have any talent, it is the talent to pile up epithets one upon another. [Laughter and cheers.] In the town of Greenville, where Andrew Johnson resides, they took out of the jail at one time two innocent Union men, who had committed no offense on the face of the earth but that of being Union men—Fry and his comrade. Fry was a poor shoemaker with a wife and half a dozen children. A fellow from

'way Down East in Maine, by the name of Daniel Leadbeater, the bloodiest and the most ultra man, the vilest wretch, the most unmitigated scoundrel that ever made a track in East Tennessee—Colonel Daniel Leadbeater, late of the United States Army, but now a rebel in the secession army, took these two men, tied them with his own hands upon one limb, immediately over the railroad track, in the town of Greenville, and ordered them to hang four days and nights, and directed all the engineers and conductors to go by that hanging concern slow, in a kind of snail gallop, up and down the road, to give the passengers an opportunity to kick the rigid bodies and strike them with a rattan. And they did it. I pledge you my honor that on the front platform they made a business of kicking the dead bodies as they passed by; and the women [I will not say the ladies, for down South we make a distinction between ladies and women]—the women, the wives and daughters of men in high position, waved their white handkerchiefs in triumph through the windows of the car at the sight of the two dead bodies hanging there. Leadbeater, for his murderous courage, was promoted by Jeff Davis to the office of brigadier-general. He had an encounter, as their own papers at Richmond state, at Bridgeport, not long ago, with a part of General Mitchel's army, where he got a glorious whipping. His own party turned round and chastised him for cowardice. He had courage to hang innocent unarmed men taken out of a jail, but he had not courage to face the Yankees and the Northern men that were under Mitchel and Buell. He took to his heels like a coward and scavenger as he is. [Applause and cheers for General Mitchel.] Our programme is this, that when we get back into East Tennessee we will instruct all of our friends everywhere to secure and apprehend this fellow, Leadbeater; and our purpose is to take him to that tree and make the widow of Fry tie the rope around his infernal neck. [Cheers.] In the county of Knox, where I reside, and only seven miles west of the town of Knoxville, they caught up Union men, tied them upon logs, elevated the logs upon blocks six or ten inches from the ground, put the men upon their breasts, tying their hands and feet under the log, stripped their backs entirely bare, and then, with switches, cut their backs literally to pieces, the blood running down at every stroke. They came into court when it was in session, and when the case was stated the judge replied: "These are revolutionary times, and there is no remedy for anything of

the kind." Hence, you see, our remedy is in our own hands; and, with the help of guns, and swords, and sabers, we intend, God willing, to slay them when we get back there, wherever we find them. [Cheers.]

In the jail where I lay they were accustomed to drive up with a cart, with an ugly, rough, flat-topped coffin upon it, surrounded by fifteen to forty men, with bristling bayonets, as a guard, and they marched in through the gate into the jail yard, with steady, military tread. We trembled in our boots, for they never notified us who was to be hanged, and you may imagine how your humble servant felt; for if any man in that jail, under their law, deserved the gallows, I claim to have been the man. I knew it and they knew it. They came sometimes with two coffins, one on each cart, and they took two men at a time and marched them out. A poor old man of sixty-five and his son of twenty-five were marched out at one time and hanged on the same gallows. They made that poor old man, who was a Methodist class-leader, sit by and see his son hang till he was dead, and then they called him a d——d Lincolnite Union shrieker, and said, "Come on; it is your turn next." He sank, but they propped him up and led him to the halter, and swung both off on the same gallows. They came, after that, for another man, and they took J. C. Haum out of jail—a young man of fine sense, good address, and of excellent character—a tall, spare-made man, leaving a wife at home, with four or five helpless children. My wife passed the farm of Haum the other day, when they drove her out of Tennessee and sent her on to New Jersey—I thank them kindly for doing so—and saw his wife plowing, endeavoring to raise corn for her suffering and starving children. That is the spirit of secession, gentlemen. And yet you have a set of God-forsaken, unprincipled men at the North who are apologizing for them and sympathizing with them. [Applause.] When they took Haum out and placed him on the scaffold, they had a drunken chaplain. They were kind enough to notify him an hour before the hanging that he was to hang. Haum at once made an application for a Methodist preacher, a Union man, to come and pray for him. They denied him the privilege, and said that God didn't hear any prayers in behalf of any d——d Union shrieker, and he had literally to do without the benefit of clergy. But they had near the gallows an unprincipled, drunken chaplain, of their own army, who got up and undertook to apologize for Haum. He

said: "This poor, unfortunate man, who is about to pay the debt of nature, regrets the course he took. He said he was misled by the Union paper." Haum rose up, and with a clear, stentorian voice, said: "Fellow-citizens, there is not a word of truth in that statement. I have authorized nobody to make such a statement. What I have said and done, I have done and said with my eyes open, and if it were to be done over, I would do it again. I am ready to hang, and you can execute your purposes." He died like a man; he died like a Union man, as an East Tennessean ought to die. As God is my judge, I would sooner be Haum in the grave to-day, than any one of the scoundrels concerned in his murder. [Great applause.] Time rolled on. One event after another occurred, and finally a man of excellent character, one of Andy Johnson's constituents from Greene County, by the name of Helsing Self, was condemned to be hung by this drum-head court-martial, and they were kind enough to let him know that he was to hang, a few hours before the hour appointed. His daughter, who had come down to administer to his comfort and consolation—a most estimable girl, about twenty-one years of age—Elizabeth Self, a tall, spare-made girl, modest, handsomely attired, begged leave to enter the jail to see her father. They permitted her, contrary to their usual custom and their savage barbarity, to go in. They had him in a small iron cage, a terrible affair; they opened a little door, and the jailer admitted her. A parcel of us went to witness the scene. As she entered the cage where her father was—who was to die at four o'clock that afternoon—she clasped him around the neck, and he embraced her also, sobbing and crying most piteously. I stood by, and I never beheld such a sight since God Almighty made me, and I hope I may never see the like again. When they had parted, wringing each other by the hand, as she came out of the cage, stammering and trying to utter something intelligible, she lisped my name. She knew my face, and I could understand as much as that she desired me to write a dispatch to Jeff Davis and sign her name, begging him to pardon her father. I worded it about thus:

Hon. JEFFERSON DAVIS [I did not believe the first word I wrote was the truth, but I put it there for the sake of form]—My father, Helsing Self, is sentenced to be hanged at four o'clock to-day. I am living at home, and my mother is dead. My father is my earthly all; upon him my hopes are centered, and, friend, I pray you to pardon him. Respectfully,  
ELIZABETH SELF.



Jeff Davis, who had a better heart than the rest of them, perhaps, immediately responded—for he could not withstand the appeals of a woman—to General Carroll, and told him not to hang that man Self, but to keep him in jail and let him atone for his crimes a certain time. Self has served his time out, and has gone home, and that girl is saved the grief of being left alone without a father.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the spirit of secession all over the South; it is the spirit that actuates them everywhere; it is the spirit of murder, it is the spirit of the infernal regions, and, in God's name, can you any longer excuse or apologize for such murderous and bloodthirsty demons as live down in the Southern Confederacy? [Loud cries of "No, no."] Hanging is going on all over East Tennessee. They shoot Union men down in the fields, they whip them; and, as strange as it may seem to you, in the counties of Campbell and Anderson, they actually lacerate with switches the bodies of females, wives and daughters of Union men—clever, respectable women. They show no quarters to male or female; they rob their houses and they throw them into prison. Our jails are all full now, and we have complained and thought it hard that our government has not come to our relief, for a more loyal, a more devoted people to the Stars and Stripes never lived on the face of God's earth than the Union people of Tennessee. [Loud cheers.] With tears in their eyes, they begged me, upon leaving East Tennessee, for God Almighty's sake, to see the President, to see the army officers, so as to have relief sent to them and bring them out of jail. I hope, gentlemen, you will use your influence with the army and navy, and all concerned, to relieve these people. They are the most abused, down-trodden, persecuted, and proscribed people that ever lived on the face of the earth. I am happy to announce to you that the rebellion will soon be played out. Thank God for his mercies, it will soon have been played out. [Enthusiastic cheers.] Richmond will be obliged to fall very soon, for that noble fellow, McClellan, will capture the whole of them. [Renewed applause.]

I have confidence and faith in Fremont, and hope he may rush into East Tennessee. If Halleck, Buell & Co.—[loud cheers]—will only capture the region round about Corinth and take Memphis, the play is out and the dog is dead. [Laughter and cheers.] Then let us drive the leaders down into the Gulf of Mexico, as the devils

drove the hogs into the sea of Galilee. [Laughter and applause.] But a few weeks prior to the last Presidential election they announced in their papers that the great bull of the whole disunion flock was to speak in Knoxville—a man, the two first letters of whose name are W. L. Yancey—a fellow that the Governor of South Carolina pardoned out of the State prison for murdering his uncle, Dr. Earle. He was announced to speak, and the crowd was two to one Union men. I had never spoken to him in all my life. He called out in an insolent manner, “Is Parson Brownlow in this crowd?” The disunionists hallooed out, “Yes, he is here.” “I hope,” said he, “the Parson will have the nerve to come upon the stand and have me catechise him.” “No,” said the Breckinridge secessionists. (Yes, gentlemen, we had four tickets in the field the last race—Lincoln and Hamlin, Bell and Everett—the Bell and Everett ticket was a kind of kangaroo ticket, with all the strength in the hind legs—[laughter]—and there was a Douglas and Johnson and a Breckinridge and Lane ticket. As God is my judge, that was the meanest and shabbiest ticket of the four that was in the field. Lincoln was elected fairly and squarely under the forms of law and the Constitution, and though I was not a Lincoln man, yet I gave in to the will of the majority, and it is the duty of every patriot and true man to bow to the will of the majority. [Cheers.] The Parson then resumed his story:) But the crowd hallooed to Yancey, “Brownlow is here, but he has not nerve enough to mount the stand where you are.” I rose and marched up the steps and said, “I will show you whether I have the nerve or not.” “Sir,” said he—and he is a beautiful speaker and personally a very fine-looking man—“are you the celebrated Parson Brownlow?” “I am the only man on earth,” I replied, “that fills the bin.” [Laughter.] “Don’t you think,” said Yancey, “you are badly employed as a preacher, a man of your cloth, to be dabbling in politics and meddling with state affairs?” “No, sir,” said I; “a distinguished member of the party you are acting with, once took Jesus Christ up upon a mount—[great laughter]—and said to the Saviour, ‘Look at the kingdoms of the world! All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.’ Now, sir,” I said, “His reply to the devil is my reply to you: ‘Get thee behind me, Satan.’” [Renewed laughter and applause.] I rather expected to be knocked down by him; but I stood with my right side to him and a cocked Derringer in my breeches pocket. I intended if I went off the

platform that he should go the other way. [Cheers.] "Now, sir," I said, "if you are through, I would like to make a few remarks." "Certainly—proceed," said Yancey. "Well, sir, you should tread lightly upon the toes of preachers, and you should get these disunionists to post you up before you launch out in this way against preachers. Are you aware, sir, that this old gray-headed man sitting here, Isaac Lewis, the president of the meeting, who has welcomed you, is an old disunion Methodist preacher, and Buchanan's pension agent in this town, who has been meddling in politics all his lifetime? Sir," said I, "are you aware that this man, James D. Thomas, on my left, is a Breckinridge elector for this Congressional district? He was turned out of the Methodist ministry for whipping his wife and slandering his neighbors. Sir," said I, "are you aware that this young man sitting in front of us, Colonel Loudon C. Haynes, the elector of the Breckinridge ticket for the State of Tennessee at large, was expelled from the Methodist ministry for lying and cheating his neighbor in a measure of corn? Now," said I, "for God's sake, say nothing more about preachers until you know what sort of preachers are in your own ranks." And thus ended the colloquy between me and Yancey. I have never seen him since. Ladies and gentlemen, I have spoken much longer than I intended. [Cries of "Go on, go on."] I am hoarse and somewhat feeble. I have really been in bed all day sick, although not pretending to be so; but I ventured out to try and make some effort if I could. In traveling I provide for a contingency of this sort. I have a regularly ordained deacon and exhorter with me, and much finer speaker, Gen. S. F. Carey, of Cincinnati, who is sound upon all the issues.

Mr. Brownlow, on taking his seat, was loudly applauded.

Gen. S. F. CAREY, of Ohio, then followed in an eloquent speech, after which the meeting adjourned.

## IRRELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE REBELLION.

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*An Address by Parson Brownlow, delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, at the Cooper Institute, New York, May 19, 1862.*

REPORTED BY CHAS. B. COLLAR.

PROFESSOR ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, being called to the chair, made a few eloquent introductory remarks, exceedingly appropriate to the occasion, and then introduced Parson Brownlow to the audience, who, on coming forward to address them, was greeted with hearty and rapturous applause.

The PARSON then spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Appearing before you this evening, I shall perhaps be briefer than I usually am on similar occasions. If so, it will be, however, of necessity. I will, moreover, as on all other occasions, make no effort whatever at display, but, as Othello terms it, “a round, unvarnished tale deliver.” I will state facts to you of which I have personal knowledge, and, in doing so, try to avoid a repetition of the speech I delivered at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening. And in all my addresses, such as they are, while I speak to the audience before me, and a Northern audience at that, I shall take particular pains to make such remarks, founded in fact, and in fact alone, as when reported—and I find many of the papers are very accurate and very correct in their reports—and carried 'way down to yonder Dixie, they will know and see there that I utter no denunciations against them here, however bitter and however vindictive they may seem to be, that I have not for the last twelve months uttered through every number of the widely-circulated paper I have issued in that country. [Applause.] I will make no statement whatever, I will utter no denunciations whatever, that I am not willing to go back into the very town where I live, and expect to live and die in, and utter in the hearing of the vilest secessionist that God in

His providence, His *mysterious* providence, has permitted to live. It is known to many of you, and will now be known to you all—I do not make the announcement by way of any advertisement—that I am bringing out a book of some five hundred pages, which will make its appearance next week, illustrated throughout with very fine engravings of their hangings, shootings, whippings, prisons, cruelties, and savage barbarities; and now having completed it, and being ready to send it before the people, they shall not say down in Dixie that I crossed Mason and Dixon's line to conjure up a terrible book—and I tell you it is a terrible document—they shall not say that I took to my heels and ran beyond Mason and Dixon's line to publish all these charges and all these violent denunciations of them; but I intend, God being my helper, to go back among them, take thousands of copies of the book, and circulate them there. [Applause.] They shall see it, read it at home, and tremble in their boots, as I give a fair and honest but scathing version of their villainy and their murderous course and conduct from beginning to end. In presenting a brief outline of the “Irreligion of Secession,” I shall not look at it myself through a pair of jaundiced spectacles; else I should parade before this large and intellectual audience a huge cotton Minerva, sprung from the brain of these boastful Jupiters of the bogus Confederacy South—a set of men, take them one and all, who have, under all circumstances, from first to last, wherever they have spoken of anything done or said north of Mason and Dixon's line, looked at it through a magnifying cotton-stalk telescope. [Applause.] While I am prepared to do them justice, by way of denouncing them and exposing their unmitigated villainies and revolting corruptions, I am prepared, and have always been prepared—though a pro-slavery man and advocate in days gone by—to do the people of the North justice, despite the peculiar institution. We have made in the South the institution of slavery the occasion of kicking up this great fuss and bringing about all this deviltry and confusion, and all this abominable conduct with which the country abounds, more particularly in the South. We have done so without any cause. “We of the South”—as I have said at home, and say here to-night, and shall always say, while I have censured a few of the violent agitators at the North—“are to blame for this revolution. We brought it about; nothing else would do us; no compromise you could offer us would satisfy us.” It was a fuss generally that they wanted, and,



in God's name, I hope they shall have a fuss to their hearts' content before they get through. [Applause.] Why, when you were all anxious—as I was, and as was every gentleman and lady who reads the papers and keeps posted in regard to the current news of the day—during the sitting and the failure of that Peace Congress in Washington, do you not recollect the dispatch that Pryor, of Virginia, sent home from the House of Representatives to Richmond and Petersburg, saying that they could get the Crittenden Compromise, but they did not intend to have it? No, they did not intend to have any compromise. Judge Douglas, as you will recollect, overheard Mason say in the Senate of the United States: “No matter what compromise the North may offer, the South must so contrive it as to reject any offers they may tender.” Douglas exposed him publicly in the Senate of the United States for having said this. Fourteen Senators in the United States Congress, representing seven cotton States, acting under oaths solemnly administered upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, and having sworn they would support the Constitution and the laws of the United States, and act in good faith as the confidential advisers of President Buchanan, night after night were holding caucuses from eleven until three o'clock in the morning, scheming and plotting to overturn the Government, sending dispatches home upon the wires, which had then not been captured by the Federal authority as a military necessity, instructing their friends in the several States to pass acts of secession at once, plunge their States out of the Union, and seize upon Fort Moultrie, Fort Morgan, and this and that fort—men who in a short time afterward occupied seats in the rebel Congress and in the rebel Cabinet—unmitigated and infamous villains, who ought to have their tongues cut out by the roots, and they themselves hung on the gallows as high as Haman ever hung. [Applause.]

It was announced that I would appear before you this evening, and that I would say something to you about the “Irreligion of Secession”—the irreligion of this great rebellion. In God's name where shall I commence?—where shall I begin, and where and when shall I end? It originated in telling, writing, and swearing lies, and in stealing, and it has been kept up by that means, all the time improving these iniquitous offenses and practices as they grow older and broader. [Loud cheering.] As to the religion of the thing down South—I assure it—it is all irreligion with us at

the South. We are going, as churches, the way Noah's ducks went in olden time—hellward. [Laughter.] The churches, latterly, throughout the South, are broken up and destroyed. The Union men will not sit in the church and hear a secessionist preach and pray. The secessionists will not hear a Unionist, or Union shrieker, as they call it, exhort, preach, or pray; and the test of qualification of the gifts of a minister now for preaching the Gospel down South is, Can you lie without any conscientious scruples? Can you, as a minister, drink mean whisky by the quart? Can you boast of your ability to fight, head an army, and lead them on to victory and glory in the rebel army? Allow me to say to you of my personal knowledge—many of you are Episcopalians, and no doubt worthy and acceptable and pious members of the church—allow me to say to you—and I always use names, I always give dates, times, and places, so that there can be no mistakes—if you want to detect me in a falsehood, I will help you to do so—[laughter]—one of your bishops—the Right Reverend Honorable Major Leonidas Polk, with his cocked hat, epanlets on his shoulders, and a sword hanging by his side, is strutting about the swamps of Corinth, Mississippi, and has been for months drinking mean whisky by the quart and swearing profanely. Taking the name of God in vain is a common thing with him. That is what secession has brought him to.

Methodist preachers throughout the South are entitled to more consideration than the ministers of any other denomination, for there is more unanimity among them. They are nearly all, without exception, rascals. [Great laughter.] They have all pitched in. When, the other day, they held an annual conference, fifty miles above where I reside, in the town of Greenville, presided over by the venerable Bishop James O. Andrews—the man who split the turkey in two when the General Conference was held in 1844, and whom I electioneered for in the General Conference in Philadelphia in 1832, when he was ordained and elected Bishop—some of the preachers disgraced themselves on that occasion, and, to render themselves conspicuous and more acceptable to the secession family in which they were boarding, brought me upon the carpet—I being at home, fifty miles distant. If I had been present, it was about the last thing they would have undertaken. Neither Bishop Andrews nor the parliamentary rules of the occasion would have choked me off. Had they mounted me, I should have mounted

them in return—[laughter]—and “when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war,” you know. They denounced me by name, and my paper—the one as infamous, and the other as a traitor to the South, and clamored for hanging me, and such cheering and clapping of hands you perhaps never heard as this proposal called forth—and the Bishop enjoyed it as well as anybody else. He enjoyed it equally well as he had the hospitalities of my house on many an occasion. I only mention the fact to show the irreligion of secession. The Rev. Mr. Fitch—an old presiding elder of the Tennessee Conference—a man who has been a member of every general conference for the last thirty odd years; who performed the tour of Europe in the company of Bishop Soules, and who has two sons in the rebel army; whose head is now whitened with the frost of fifty or sixty years—is now the regularly elected and commissioned chaplain at Cumberland Gap, near Knoxville, in Colonel Ring’s regiment. Mr. Fitch makes a business of getting drunk, carrying his bottle of liquor with him, and in his discourses to the soldiers on Sunday, he tells them that in the cause in which they are engaged, they are fighting for the independence of the South, for their homes and firesides—fighting to keep back the abolition hordes of the North, and that if they die in this cause they will be saved in heaven even without grace. [Great laughter.] I tell you, upon the honor of a man, that they take possession of the pulpit to preach to the soldiers on that subject, and one of them, having been called upon to open a meeting with prayer—the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, of the Methodist Church—as is the custom with the Methodists, threw up his hands, and said: “Oh, Lord, we thank Thee for having inaugurated this revolution.” Senator Pickens, a judge and a State senator, who was in front of the pulpit, rose up, and taking his hat, as the minister concluded that first paragraph, said, “G—d d—n such a prayer as that.” [Laughter.] The Rev. J. R. Graves, at the head of the book publishing house in Nashville, and the editor of the *Tennessee Baptist*, having 25,000 or 30,000 subscribers, when the Federal army approached Nashville, and he found his neck was in danger of the halter, took to his heels and ran out of Nashville in a sulky at eight or nine miles to the hour, and I passed him as I was coming with the flag of truce. He looked like a scapegallows, as he is, and he went on to Richmond, raised a regiment of men and armed them with pikes. Where is this brother that introduced me? [turning to Rev. Dr.

Hitchcock.] You are of the Presbyterian denomination. [Laughter.] Old School or New School?

A GENTLEMAN IN THE AUDIENCE—I will ask Parson Brownlow if he knew the Rev. Dr. Martin?

PARSON BROWNLOW—I will do him justice directly. [Laughter.]

THE SAME GENTLEMAN—I believe he is a graduate of the Union Theological Seminary, and there must be a number of this audience who know him.

PARSON BROWNLOW—You didn't fully graduate him at your college. [Laughter.] He is now taking lessons under the devil, to my personal knowledge. [Great laughter.] I thought my brother (the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock) was an Old School Presbyterian; ay, belonging to the Old School, who sing David's psalms with double lines and grease their boots with tallow. [Laughter.] But I find that he is a New School Presbyterian. Mr. Martin is a New School Presbyterian, a native of East Tennessee, and a citizen of the town in which I lived. Until he became a secessionist he was a clever man—a high-minded, honorable man. But allow me to say, that whenever secession enters into a man at the South, whether Priest or Levite, whether a highlander or a lowlander, a prince or a peasant, the devil accompanies it. They both enter together, and you may expect that man to do the work of the devil from that time forward and forevermore. Mr. Maynard, a member of Congress from the Knoxville district—not to the bogus Congress, but to the United States Congress—[applause]—is an elder in the New School Presbyterian Church, one of the finest scholars in East Tennessee—a very high-toned and honorable gentleman. He had no sooner left the city of Knoxville and made his escape across the Cumberland Mountains, for his seat in Congress, than the Rev. Joseph H. Martin, about whom the gentleman inquired, made a set speech, going through all the formalities of a text on the Lord's day, and preached an entire sermon—an abusive and outrageous sermon—and prayed an outrageous prayer, leveled at Mr. Maynard. He implored God that his traitorous feet and cowardly tracks might never again be seen or known in Tennessee, and that they might never press the soil of the streets of Knoxville. The wife of Mr. Maynard, who is in this neighborhood, and, for aught I know, may be in this audience to-night, and who is in every sense an intelligent, amiable, and Christian lady, and who was present on the occasion when her husband was so denounced,

affected to tears, rose up and left the house; and although she was driven out from Knoxville but a few weeks ago, it is to her honor and credit that she never disgraced herself by visiting his vile sanctuary any more. [Cries of "Good."] In the most sneaking and hypocritical manner he paid her a visit afterward, and apologized to her for his abuse of her husband; said he did not want to do it, but his elders and Major Wallace required him to do it, and he had to do it to hold on to his salary and place. What do you think of a devil like that? That is one of your New School Presbyterians.

Now for the Old School. [Laughter.] I have represented all the other denominations; let us hear from the Old School now. The pastor of the Old School Church in Knoxville—a man of education and of very fair talents, and, until secession broke out, I thought him a gentleman and a Christian—a short time before he left Knoxville had occasion to preach on the subject of secession. He gave out that he would hold forth in his large brick church, and the announcement attracted a large crowd. A portion of my family were there from curiosity to hear what was to be said in favor of secession. Now, gentlemen and ladies, I am going to quote Mr. Harrison correctly, and I wish the newspaper reporters here to take down the words just as I repeat them. I want him—I want the world and the rest of mankind—[laughter]—to know and read what he said upon that subject. He made the bold and open declaration that Jesus Christ was a Southerner, born upon Southern soil. [Laughter.] He did not intend it as any play upon words or as any joke. He said "that Jesus Christ was a Southerner, born upon Southern soil; and so were his disciples and apostles—all, except Judas, and he was a Northern man." Holding up the Bible in his hands, he remarked to the audience, "I had sooner"—[I imagine he was sober; I would not say he was, for they are nearly all drunk on corn-whisky]—"I had sooner, my brethren, announce to you a text for discussion from the pulpit out of the Bible or Testament that I knew had been printed and bound in hell, than out of any Bible or Testament that was printed or bound north of Mason and Dixon's line!" These are the identical words. That was a part of a Gospel sermon on the Lord's day, and a more unmitigated, God-forsaken set of scoundrels do not live than the preachers of the Gospel down South. Of course, you must understand that I make honorable exceptions in every

denomination. As a general thing—I say it in sorrow and not in anger—the most unmitigated set of villains they have in the South are the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian preachers. We have a single exception in the town in which I live—the Rev. Thomas W. Hume, rector of the Episcopal Church—a Union man, born and raised in the town of Knoxville, a graduate of East Tennessee University—a slaveholder and a man of property—a very liberal and reliable man. Bishop Otie furnished him some months ago with a new prayer. The old prayer would not answer, because it required him to pray for the President of the United States, and to do that was to pray in effect for old Abe Lincoln. That was worse, Bishop Otie thought, than to pray for the devil, and he, therefore, furnished him with another prayer, substituting the President of the Confederate States of America, and the Confederate Government where the United States Government was named or alluded to. Mr. Hume, frankly and promptly, like a man, said he would not abandon his prayer-book and the regular form; that he did not believe in the Confederate Government or in Jeff Davis. They turned him out and procured another pliant tool and catspaw, who was willing to pray for anybody for his victuals, his wine, and his liquor. [Laughter.]

I am addressing the Young Men's Christian Association. The members of that organization, besides many hundreds of others, have expected me, upon this occasion, to speak of the "Irreligion of Secession" down South; but, as I remarked at the outset, where shall I begin? what shall not I say? what shall I not charge upon them? All the iniquities that ever prevailed anywhere on the face of God's green earth they have in full blossom in every State south of Mason and Dixon's line. I repeat to you that the churches there are all utterly ruined; they are all going to destruction. The ministers, class-leaders, deacons, exhorters, are all talking secession, lying secession, drinking mean liquor, and advocating the cause of Jeff Davis and the devil; and they have abandoned God and His holy religion. Wicked as you are reported to have been, I invoke, to-night, the prayers of the people of New York for these vile, unmitigated devils in the South.

After this statement you will not think it strange that, when they tendered me a passport and escort to leave the Confederacy, I gladly and cheerfully accepted them. And in this connection I will give you a very brief history of my adventures in leaving that



country, which I failed to do at the Academy of Music. They held me in prison three months, and then I received a letter from Mr. Benjamin—the hero of Yale College, where he commenced stealing when he was a college boy there, and who has kept it up ever since. Talk about the corruptions of Abe Lincoln and his Cabinet; why, these Southern leaders can out-Herod Herod, and I would not insult the memory of Judas by comparing him to any of them. As I said, Benjamin sent me a letter from Richmond, the burden of which was—“You are a very bad man, Mr. Brownlow, a dangerous man to remain in the Southern Confederacy, and we propose to give you a passport and military escort to take you away from our lines among the people with whom you sympathize.” I said, in reply, “Good! we will strike a bargain; give me your passport and a military escort, and I promise you in return to do more for the Southern Confederacy than the devil has ever done—I will quit the country.” [Great laughter.] I knew he had never left the country. Although I was feeble, and could not walk ten steps without assistance, yet I told them I was ready to go. I took some bed-clothes along, and fixed myself up as comfortably as I could to make the trip. I had, as an escort, twelve men armed with bayonets and with muskets loaded with buckshot. They were selected from a rebel company, but they were Union men, personally known to me, friends that would have fought, bled, and died for me, though in the vile service of Davis, and the two officers who went with them were Union men—Adj. Young and Lieut. Bryan, a cousin of my wife. With this escort I started, and we were interrupted at different points by the rebel troops and by the citizens, who urged them to bring Brownlow out of the cars and hang him. At Athens, 65 miles from Knoxville, where we had to stop for dinner, they made a rush for the cars, but the officers, planting six men at each end, declared they would all shoot as long as they had loads in their muskets, and then they would use their bayonets. [Applause.] One of the rebel officers said he must see the “d——d old traitor any how before he was landed north of Mason and Dixon’s line.” They told him that he could come and look at me if the sight would be of any service to him. They brought him in; he inspected me particularly; looked daggers at me, and I looked daggers at him. I had just as much brass in my face as he. “Well,” says he, “I am satisfied; I now believe all I have ever

heard about him; I believe that he is just as dangerous as he was ever said to be; but it is a pretty d——d piece of work that he should be gallanted to Nashville in this way, with a guard and passport. Why, I should like to perform the pilgrimage to Nashville myself on the same terms.” “Well,” says I, “you hold on here a few days; there is a penitentiary at Nashville, and the sheriff will take you there at the expense of the county.” [Laughter.] Then he wanted to pitch into me, but the officers restrained him, and told me I had better not say anything more. Having always been a loyal man, I told them that I would submit; it was pretty hard work, however, to keep my mouth shut. [Laughter.] At some other places they came around with ropes, and although I am not very good at interpreting hieroglyphics, I understood what they meant. At one dépôt they made a rush and swore they would have me any way, but my escort planted themselves at each end of the car and kept them back, and some of them then threatened to shoot through the window. At Shelbyville, General Hardee arrested me and confined me for ten days, and was on the eve of sending me to Montgomery, but my officers insisted on his regarding Mr. Benjamin’s passport, indorsed by Jeff Davis, and the flag of truce granted by Major-General Geo. B. Crittenden, addressed to General Buell, saying “it would be a disgrace to the Confederacy and the whole of us not to carry out our pledges.” So he finally agreed to let me off, after holding me in confinement ten days.

The railroad being torn up, we hired carriages, buggies, and omnibuses, and set out on our journey upon a beautiful turnpike. We were interrupted by the cavalry of this fellow Morgan, about whose depredations you have all heard so much, and they had a serious notion of hanging me whether or no, but they permitted us to pass, and we passed on until we got within five miles of Nashville. It was a cold day early in March. We saw first, in the distance, on the side of the turnpike, a large log-heap on fire, surrounded by men, and then we saw any number of tents, and I beheld in the distance the Stars and Stripes fluttering in the breeze. [Cheers.] The first and the only time since I left home that I was induced to shed a tear was on that occasion. The soldiers drew up in front of the carriage as we advanced. “Halt! halt there!” they called out; “by what authority are you coming in here with a flag of truce?” I rose up in the carriage, as my friend by my side

was holding the lines, and said, "Gentlemen, are you the Federal pickets?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then," said I, "I am Parson Brownlow." Some of them dropped their guns, others clapped their hands. They all rushed to the carriage, and would not permit me to get out of it, but lifted me out. [Applause.] "We know you are suffering with the cold," said they; "come up to the fire and warm yourself." They dispatched one of their sergeants to Brigadier-General Wood, and he came riding in on a fine black charger, his aid by his side, and he was so excited as to forget his dignity as an officer by taking his hat off, waving it, and crying out, "So many cheers, my gallant men, for Parson Brownlow," and they made the welkin ring. He made a glorious speech to the boys, and addressing me, he said, "I will put you into my carriage with my aids, and send you down to General Buell." Gentlemen, I had not been accustomed to such treatment. [The Parson was affected to tears.] At Nashville I met as many as ninety-five regiments, and had the pleasure to see every division march out under Mitchell, and Thomas, and Crittenden, and one and another, until they all marched toward Pittsburg Landing. I left on a steamer, by way of Fort Donelson, and up the Ohio, for Cincinnati. There I commenced speaking, and have been speaking on my way here since; and while I am not a vain man, and have nothing to make me vain, it is peculiarly gratifying to me to have met with the treatment and reception given to me before I reached this city and since, for no sooner had a few straggling Cincinnati papers, containing extracts from my speeches, got through the blockade, down into the land of Dixie, than the Southern papers commenced boasting that I was utterly repudiated at the North, wherever I went, and that I was hissed and scorned as a traitor by the people, who hated a traitor to the South as they did a traitor to their own country.

I have spoken longer than I intended, and I have spoken under great disadvantage. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the patience with which you have heard me. I regret that I could not have interested you with a better speech. I can only say that I hope you will overlook all errors and blunders I may have committed, in view of the goodness and glory of the cause in which we are engaged—[applause]—the cause of God, of our country, of our Union—a cause in which I am willing to suffer, in which I have always been willing to suffer, and for which, if need be, I am

willing to die, and I will never shrink from offering up my life for the defense of the Union and the Stars and Stripes of my country, if the sacrifice is required of me. [Applause.] I have but two boys in the world—one is with me now, the other is a captain in the Federal army, now marching upon the Cumberland Gap, and he is expecting to march upon East Tennessee, and, God helping, to recover his old home; and as God is my witness before you this afternoon, as much as I love that boy—a gallant fellow as he is—I would sooner that his body was riddled with grape-shot, fighting under the flag of the Union, than that he should triumph under the infernal flag that floats over the Southern Confederacy. [Loud and long continued applause.]

After a brief but eloquent speech from Gen. Carey, the meeting adjourned.

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